

Good friends, broken hearts by everybodyhatesjay

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Michael Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Original Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler Child(ren)

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

El Hopper has always been a good friend.

When her best friend suffers from a break-up, she has the idea of introducing her to Mike Wheeler; El's long-life friend and also the guy she has secretly liked for years.

Now they have been dating for three months, and El doesn't think she can't keep doing this anymore.

♡one shot

Good friends, broken hearts

Author's Note:

just like in my other works, excuse any grammatical mistakes (english ≠ first language).. Just a warning tho, don't be scared to read :)

Eleven Hopper has always been a good friend. Everyone would love to have a friend like Eleven..

Eleven also would love to have a friend like her.

Now when her heart aches, she is by herself. Now when she is standing in front of a mirror choking in tears, she wants to be with someone. She can't keep standing the fact of being alone.

Eleven Hopper and Maxine Mayfield were best friends. The two girls met at a very young age and became what everyone would call "platonic partners". Eleven had enough love in her heart to fight and defend what was good for Max, and Max did the same.

When Maxine got cheated on, both of them cried. El couldn't believe she was helping out the most kind-hearted and beautiful soul in the world; she always thought nobody would waste a chance with someone like Max..

But it happened, and Eleven knew her main purpose it was to cheer her best friend. Maxine deserved someone who cared and loved her.

So Eleven thought about him; Michael Wheeler. The boy who annoyed her in the most lovely way, the boy who has been her neighbor since forever. And also the boy she was in love with.

Now she was frustrated. Eleven was trying to convince herself that her disappointment was nothing more than a childish move.. she really wanted to. Her tears were bitter and her heart twisted; maybe she was heartbroken.

When Max and Mike started dating, they became shadows. The two people who made Eleven feel like she was on the top of the world,

now made her feel like she was six feet under. Eleven felt like none of them cared about her anymore nor with the relationship she held with them for years.

She couldn't stop thinking about the joy they brought to each other.

"El, are you okay?" The girl heard Joyce's voice outside of the bathroom.

She tried to clear her throat and coughed weakly, "Yes, im okay.."

She didn't want to go outside. She knew who was going to be there, and couldn't digest the idea of being the third wheel —or at least, not again.

One thing Eleven learned from Hopper, is that a true love never lets you down. Your soulmate will defend you, protect you and be your ride-or-die connection that will stay with you under any circumstance. Maybe if she never knew that she wouldn't understand why she feels this way.

"Don't worry, Joyce.." El added knowing that her step-mother was still behind the door, "i'll go downstairs in a couple minutes"

El leaned her arms on the bathroom sink and took a glance at herself. In front of her there was a quiet view she wasn't proud of; cheeks glowing in a bright red, large and tragic brown eyes and track of tears on her face. For a quick hot minute she wished the girl in the reflection was her friend, she really needed it; but she also hated her.

Maybe she never noticed her feelings for Mike. It was honestly hard to tell. Maybe her heart quicked at the catching sight of his refined lips outlining a smile..

..Maybe Mike was El's true love.

She was in love with the way he cared about her, the way he was perhaps trying to be her ride-or-die. He was always waiting for her; anywhere, anytime. Always holding out his hand for her, even that time in their 8th grade dance when El didn't have a partner.

El never thought she was going to be in such a heartbreaking

situation. She knew she was wrong as she observed Michael crossing the door frame walking fashionably slow, by his side a beautiful redheaded woman.

“Oh, this was totally written” Joyce said the moment they were inside of El’s house. Both of them giggled and glanced at each other, still interlacing fingers.

“I guess it was” Mike responded, his eyes completely lost in the Hopper’s living room. He was looking out for something, or someone.

Eleven was standing on the corner, waiting for everyone to leave. Her arms were crossed and she was slightly playing with the end of her black summer dress, trying to deconcentrate and forget the resentment —on herself mostly.

“¡El! ¿What is it with this dreadful manners?” Hopper yelled at her from the front door. El’s eyes ran from the floor to his figure standing by the door frame, waiting for her to do something.

“Sorry, got lost in my thoughts” El tried to smile as she approached Hopper.

Breathing heavily, El heard pessimistic footsteps outside of the bathroom. Her hand traveled to her cheeks and wiped disorderly the wetness under her eyes. She gave her reflection a last glance before opening the door.

The crunchy noise of the door sliding took her out of her reassurance. Mike was standing outside of the bathroom, hands hiding on his pockets with his head down. He was wearing a grey chateau lightweight shirt-jacket and some straight black pants. Eleven felt herself melt on the woody smell of his cologne.

“Sorry, i..” Mike started saying, cutting himself off at the exact same moment he noticed El was standing in front of him.

The hallway was silent. There was no noises besides the eager voices from the first floor.

“You can use it” El responded in the calmest tone possible. Mike watched as she passed by his side brushing their shoulders and

started walking to the stairs.

“Hey, El..”

She froze at the sound of his voice calling for her. She turned to face the boy, “¿What?”

“¿Were you crying?”

El forgot her eyes were almost pounding from the irritation. To be fair, all of her features looked kinda messed up, starting for her big eyes.

“¿Why do you care?”

But she didn't mean to say that. Of course, she was mad.. but she didn't want to hurt him.

She knew Mike was going to be happy as long as he was with Max. She saw Maxine going in and out of the Wheeler's house, as if the next door one wasn't her best friend's.

“Im just asking” Mike replied plainly.

Maybe El wanted Michael to deny what she said. She desired to hear Mike saying he cared about her.. still cared about her.

“It's okay, im fine..” El grinned gently at him. Still, he stood there by the entrance of the bathroom without saying anything.

“It's been a while since the last time we talked..” Mike added. His voice was serene with a light nervous undertone, glancing down at the girl trying to walk away.

Michael's whole body was tense. Everytime he locked eyes with El he felt mixed emotions. He didn't feel capable of looking away with such beautiful eyes looking at him.

“I know, Mike. I don't think it is the best time to catch up though”

“¿Why?” Mike tilted his head slightly.

“Your girlfriend is waiting downstairs. I don’t want anyone to think we are doing more than talking” El’s voice tone was definitely indifferent.

The sadness was creeping over her, again.

“Oh.. But everyone knows we don’t like each other *in that way*”

Maybe it was the look in his eyes; wild and terrified.. like he was disgusted from her. He even remarked sourly the word “that way”. Or maybe it was just the sarcastic laugh he let out after finishing the sentence.

“¿El..?” El heard Michael call her name.

Obviously he was doing it.. she was crying. She didn’t want to hold it back, she wanted to cry.

There was no point in hiding it. Eleven accepted Mike was going to be forever the boy who shamelessly broke her heart. She was never going to be able to love again without feeling his imprint in her heart..

And mostly because it was her fault. She caused everything.

“You can’t do this to me..”

“¿What?” El raised her gaze when she heard that.

“You know *i liked you* for the longest..-“

Oh no.

“Im so, so sorry Mike..” but she interrupted him. It was fucked up because of her feelings, not his. He didn’t deserve to feel like this because of her.

“No, im sorry El.. I know we have been distant since i started dating Max”

Eleven refused to listen to him. The only thing she wished right now was entering the bathroom again and never going out.

“Mike, *I love you*”

And for some reason she waited for an answer. The pureness on her voice was dreamy enough to put any guy to beg.

Michael stared at her, bemused. His rosy lips were parted and he could only think about how great it would be to date El Hopper. How cool it would be to date his special one.

“El..”

But then he remembered about Max.

“..Im sorry” he finished.

Eleven also swiftly realized how messed up everything was. She was trying to steal her best friend’s boyfriend. She tried to make Max suffer, again.

When the sound of a door getting slammed clashed against her ears, she noticed how Mike finally went into the bathroom. Eleven was standing alone in the middle of the second floor hallway.

Other thing she learned from Hopper, is that you have to learn to accept the rejection..

Even if it comes from the ones you *would never reject*.

